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EUREKA!

Do you seek a warrior, a son of Mars?
Who, through battle-smoke and the cannon's flame,
Will build a name that shall shine like the stars
On the azure field of a deathless fame?
Do you want me to find him? Well, no, I guess
You must give the search to another's charge,
My acquaintance with men of this stamp, I confess,
For obvious reasons, is not very large.

Do you seek a man who can found a State,
And plan an empire out of his brain?
Who will steer the rudder of stubborn fate
Through the trackless waste of an untried main?
Do you want me to find and to introduce
This man to the public to make his bow—
I would like to oblige you, but must refuse,
For he's not very numerous just now!

Do you seek a man who will write a song
That shall echo on through an endless time?
A mighty soul fit to join the throng
Of the ancient bards and the kings of rhyme?
Do you want me to find him? I must decline
To hunt so elusive a fellow as he;
For, in this age of the world, I opine,
He's the stubbornest kind of an absentee!

Do you seek a man who'll assume the weight
Of the countless wealth of some millionaire?
Who will take all the burdens of his estate,
And his bonds and investments with all their care?
Do you seek such a man? You will find him at home,
He'll accept, and won't take a day to decide;
Just write to the fellow who wrote this pome
And he'll tell you a man who is qualified!

—*S. W. Foss, in Tid-Bits.*

THE DEADLY COBRA.

Harmless Enough, However, When Let Severely Alone.

Europeans Exempt From Its Bite, Partly Because They Take Care of Themselves—Snake-Like Affection—The "Tamed" Reptile.

The cobra, or cobra di capella, to give its full title, also known as the hooded or spectacle snake (*Naja tripudens*), is not only one of the most fatal of the serpent tribes, but one of the most numerous, and the world over has less than half-a-dozen rivals, the most prominent of which are: The Cleopatrine asp or African cobra (*Naja Haja*), the fer de lance (*Csarpedocephalous lanceolatus*) of the Caribbean archipelago, the tic paloonga (*Daboii Russelli*) or cobra mouil of Ceylon, the West India *Trigonocephalous*, and the tigar snake of Australia and Tasmania (*Hoplocephalous curtus*).

In habits the cobra is cupuscular and nocturnal, during the day lying coiled up in its lair asleep; but no sooner has the sun fallen below the horizon than it crawls forth in search of prey such as toads, frogs, mice and small vermin. Cobras are inordinately fond of rats, and the presence of the pests about a dwelling is a certain means of luring the cobra, and perhaps causing it to make a den in the foundation walls, amongst accumulated rubbish, or even in the attic. It is these vermin also that lure it about deserted temples, old ruins, and deserted cane-fields and plantations; and where grass and jungle have been permitted to spring up at will; and in deserted and honeycombed ant-hills they are sure to be found. "Yet," says Captain Gillmore, "although they are so plentiful, I never heard of a European being bitten by one, during a residence of many years in India."

The Anglo-Indian, after a brief residence, learns to hold the cobra in supreme contempt, though during the heated term doors and windows of necessity remain unclosed both day and night, and it is no uncommon occurrence to find traces of the visit of the cobra over night, or even its old skin, on the floor, which it has cast during its peregrinations about the room. Ample measures for protection, however, are always taken, in the way of screens and canopies to beds; and when men go out walking or shooting, gaiters are invariably worn. Even trousers are a protection, since they catch and perhaps tear out the curved fangs, or absorb the venom.

Among the natives, however, who, as a rule, are too idle and careless to accept of precaution, the loss of life is considerable, in some districts absolutely frightful, and averages annually for all British India something like one-seventh of one per cent. of the entire population.

So indifferent are the natives, and so imbued, perhaps, with fatalism, that they march bare-legged through jungles and thickets, at night casting themselves on the bare earth or floor indifferently, with no other covering than a light muslin or cotton wrapper. Naturally a prowling serpent will often cross the body of the sleeper, who, one-half awakened by the act, puts forth his hand to discover what has disturbed him, and is immediately bitten.

Strang to say, it is rare that a native will injure one of the reptiles, which he holds in a species of religious veneration; and the death of one of his immediate family or relatives brings no other retribution than coaxing or forcing the author into a jar, and setting him at liberty at some distance. The Hindu priests rather encourage the presence of cobras about their temples, and even go so far as to feed them regularly, offering milk, of which they seem inordinately fond, claiming that, aside from the sacred character of the serpents, their value as destroyers of vermin sufficiently compensates for all danger.

Pliny remarks the affection that exists between the male and female asp, or African cobra, and declares that if one be destroyed, the other seeks to avenge its death; and likewise the Cinghalese say that when one is killed, its companion is almost certain to be discovered immediately after. "This belief," says Sir J. Emmerson Tennent, "I had an opportunity of verifying on more than one occasion. Once when a snake was killed in a bath of the Government House at Colombo, its mate was found in the same spot on the day after. Again, at my own stables, a cobra five feet long having fallen into a well which was too deep to permit escape, its companion of the same size, was found the same morning in an adjoining drain. On this occasion, the snake, which had been several hours in the well, swam with ease, raising its head and hood above water; and instances have occurred of the cobra di capella taking considerable excursions by sea."

In spite of its venomous character, the cobra is naturally one of the most timid and harmless of creatures, rarely, if ever, making an unprovoked attack. It is only under the sense of fear, or when irritated, that it strikes, and, like most of the serpent tribe, it is happy to beat a retreat when in the presence of man, and unless followed and speedily cornered, disappears in some hiding-place without evincing, beyond a threatening hiss, any desire to become an aggressor.

It is its really docile and gentle disposition, coupled, perhaps, with the abhorrence and awe in which it is held by the vulgar, that causes the cobra to be the favorite of Oriental jugglers. Its striking appearance and deadly nature is so universally understood that any trifling with it appears to the uninitiated the more wonderful.

To be sure it is claimed that performing cobras are deprived of their fangs, and are consequently harmless; but this is true only of those used by inferior performers, as a rule, though the serpent is sometimes rendered harmless by causing it to repeatedly strike some object until the present supply of venom is exhausted.

The exhibition of a harmless reptile becomes merely an exhibition of its highly trained condition; and the juggler, knowing sahib's constitutional ncredulity, if exhibiting such, is sure to be provided with one or more venomous cobras that will be produced by virtue of a few additional annas, and whose deadly character is vouched for by forcing it to strike some fowl or small quadruped. Now, too, the performance acquires a different character, since when the reptile strikes, it is with the rapidity of an electric shock.

The juggler handles it swiftly and adroitly, without faltering or hesitation, for such would be fatal; and in the swift seizure and sudden release is exhibited a daring and courage of an exceptional kind. When necessary, he provokes the serpent to strike, and ere it can recover and again place itself in an attitude of defense, he grasps it quickly just below the jaws, thereby rendering it powerless; and when it is released, it is by a swift unclosing of the fingers and removal of the arm, so deftly performed as to appear as but one movement. In due time the serpent learns that these movements are devoid of injury, and consequently submits to them unresistingly, and, unless specially roused, becomes practically harmless.

The tame cobras are handled in all ways; are taught to advance and retreat, coil and uncoil, bow their heads, and bring their deadly mouths in close proximity to those of their master, and all through the medium of certain vocal or instrumental sounds, which, although travelers are wont to pronounce them musical, no scope of the imagination can imbue with harmony.

It is not in any sense of the word "serpent charming," but merely adroitness on the part of the necromancer, supplemented by long training and enforcement of certain habits. Nevertheless, understanding full well the fatal results of an accident, which only instant amputation can avert, most jugglers carry a large broad-bladed knife of wonderful keenness to be used in case of emergency.

Sir Emmerson Tennent witnessed the death of a performer in Ceylon, who was provoked by his audience to some unaccustomed familiarty with his cobra; it bit him in the arm, and he expired the same evening. Again, Forbes in his "Oriental Memoirs," states that not doubting but that the cobra which danced for an hour on his table while he painted it, had been deprived of its fangs, he frequently handled it to observe the beauty of its coloring, especially the white spots on its hood.

The next morning, however, his Mahometan servant rushed in with great haste, desiring he should retire and praise the Almighty for his good fortune, since, while purchasing some fruit at a bazar, he had observed the man who had exhibited the serpent the previous evening, engaged in giving a street performance; and the cobra, becoming suddenly irritated, darted at the throat of a young woman, who was squatted near, and inflicted a wound, from which she died in the course of half an hour.

When at rest, the neck of the cobra is not of greater diameter than the head; but when confronting an enemy, or excited by passion and irritation, it raises the front half (or a little more) of the body vertically from the ground, drawing the posterior portion into a coil, until it forms, as it were, a sort of spiral spring, by means of which, aided by extraordinary muscular power and the elasticity of its frame, it is enabled to launch itself forward with lightning-like rapidity, and even leap, if necessary, to some distance.

While thus erect, it holds itself as rigidly as an iron bar, and the neck at once begins to swell to prodigious size, forming the peculiar protuberance that is known as the "hood," and exhibiting markedly two connected spots of white, to which it owes its title of "spectacle snake." This "hooded" appearance is due to the loose and flexible character of the first nine pair of ribs, which by a peculiar action of the muscles, draw forward, and spread out the ribs.—*Dr. G. A. Stockwell, in Youth's Companion.*

HIS EXPLANATION.

The Member From Sawbuck County Tells Why He Is Opposed to Innovations.

In the Arkansaw Legislature. Member from Sawbuck County. "Mr. Speaker: Yesterday while I was sorter dozin'—fur I hadn't slept much the night afore—I heard you fellers talkin' erbout er hygene bill. I ain't ez well posted ez I mout be, and I kain't, like some uv the fellers, read ther Constitution with one eye shet, but when it comes down ter knowin' whut folks need, w'y I'm allus thar when the roll is called. I know the condition uv my people ez well ez any man in the county an' I know whut they need an' whut they don't need. I know that they need more sheep, an' that they could make use uv er few more hogs; that they want a better breed uv chickens an' some 'coon traps, but I'll be dinged—an' I say dinged advisedly, Mr. Speaker—if they need any uv yore hygene. They have lived all this time without it an' some uv them have grow'd putty fat, too, an' it ain't wuth while now to introduce fool tricks that they don't know nothin' erbout. Some time ergo thar come into our community a youny lady from St. Louis an' she had on a high hat full uv feathers. At fust all our women folks laughed at her, an' my daughter Nan and my wife Sue was 'specially tickled. 'Never mind,' says I, 'never mind, fur you'll be smilin' on that fool rig 'fore long.' Mr Speaker, not more than a week went by until the women folks built their Sunday hats a few stories higher an' begun to stick feathers in them, an' one day when I come from mill, I never heard such er squallin' in my life. I drapped a bag uv meal an' rushed into the smoke-house an' I wish I may die dead ef thar wan't my daughter Nan an' my wife Sue er snatchin' the feathers outen my dominicker rooster's tail. 'My gracious, mur,' says I, grabbin' her by the caliker, 'whut in the name uv common sense air ye doin'.'

"'Git outen my way,' she howled, an' made a dive at the rooster that had got loose frum her.

"'Mur, mur,' I cried, agi'n grabbin' her by the caliker, 'wait er minit till the situation sorter cools off.'

"Then my daughter Nan grabbed the rooster an' ez he was squallin' fur mussy that never come ter him, she robbed him uv his last tail feather. 'Nan,' says I, with a strong solution uv sadness in my tone, 'that chicken cost me er half er bushel uv seed peas an' er settin' uv guinea aigs, an, now you've dun stripped him uv his manly beauty! Whut made you do it, Nan?'

"Then my wife, Sue, fluttered me. 'Do you think,' says she, 'that we air goin' ter live like heathens with little old low hats without no feathers on 'em? Wall, I'll give you to understand, sir, that we ain't goin' ter do no sich er thing,' an' with that she made a furious dive at er ole hen that had come up ter see whut was the matter an' cotched her, an' snatched out her tail feathers. Mr: Speaker, I wush you could er seed my daughter Nan an' my wife Sue when they went ter 'church the next Sunday. They had on feathered head gear as tall as a churn, an' I'll be blamed—I say blamed advisedly, Mr. Speaker—if my bay mare didn't git skeered at 'em, run away with the carry-all and smash it all to pieces. This, sir, explains why I am opposed to any thing new. Mr. Secretary, when the time comes jest put me down agi'n thut hy-hy-hygings bill." —*Arkansas Traveler.*

GIRARD'S EXACTNESS.

An Anecdote Which Shows the Regard He Entertained for Trifles.

The reader will see at a glance that the following story belongs to an earlier generation than the present. It is told of Stephen Girard, the Philadelphia banker, and one of the earliest of American millionaires. If any one thinks the sum involved a small one to be taken into account on either side, let him read the following note:

For Valin Received I promise to pay to Abraham Anderson, Treasurer of the ministerial fund, the sum of two dollars and thirty-five cents and nine mills in one year from the date.
—, October 7, 1806.

Men have lost regard for such seeming trifles, and with that loss may be counted the loss of many a fortune, to say nothing of the good names lost.

A gentleman from Europe purchased a bill of exchange on Girard, to defray the expenses of a tour to this country. It was duly honored on presentation, but, in the course of their transactions, it so happened that one cent remained to be refunded on the part of the European, and on the eve of his departure from this country Girard dunned him for it. The gentleman apologized, and tendered him a six-and-a-quarter-cent piece. Mr. Girard tendered him in change five cents, which the gentleman declined to accept, alleging that he was entitled to an additional quarter of a cent. In reply, Girard admitted the fact, but informed him that it was not in his power to comply, as the Government had neglected to provide the fractional coin in question, and returned the gentleman the six-and-a-quarter-cent piece, reminding him, however, that he was still his debtor for the balance.—*Youth's Companion.*

—In 1870 there were 34,527 idiots in this country; in 1880, 76,895.

DIAMOND-CUTTING.

A Particular Work Almost Wholly in the Hands of Amsterdam Israelites.

All the employes in every one of the diamond-cutting establishments in the city of Amsterdam are Israelites. It is a well known fact that this city is the center and principal place where diamond-cutting is followed. Every renowned gem of the first water has been cut by an Amsterdamer expert either in this city or somewhere else.

The Koh-i-noor was cut in London, but a Holland Jew, Mr. Vogelsang, an employe of the diamond-cutting firm of Coster Bros., did the work, and it remains a lasting regret among connoisseurs, that his judgment as to the cutting of this "Mound of Light" was not followed. Mr. Vogelsang is at present past the eightieth milestone upon the roadway of life, but is enthusiastic upon the diamond subject and proudly shows the visitor an autographic letter of Queen Victoria, in which the poor Jew of Amsterdam is thanked for his skilful manipulation of a stone valued then at $700,000. The letter was accompanied by a present worthy of the high position of the writer and Mr. Vogelsang's bank account was opened with a deposit of $4,000. The old gentleman's eyes shine like stones of high degree when telling that he received an order from the King of Holland to proceed to London for the purpose of cutting the largest diamond the world ever heard of and to remember that the reputation of the Amsterdam lapidaries was in his keeping.

According to authentic records the existence of the Koh-i-noor was known in 1304 beyond the shadow of a doubt, but traditions honored with belief in the families of Princes in British India carry it back fifty centuries. When Mr. Vogelsang took the precious gem in his hands for the first time it weighed 186 1-16 carats. He commenced the cutting July 6, 1852, and reduced the weight of the stone precisely fifty carats, it being 136 1-16 carats when the operation was finished.

The old gentleman has been pensioned by the firm his skill has made famous in the mercantile and scientific world, but his highest pleasure consists in talking "diamonds" to visitors. A few years before his retirement from actual labor he was sent for by the Empress of the Russians, and examined in Moscow an uncut gem presented to the Czarina by a Tartar nobleman and weighing ninety-seven carats. At Mr. Vogelsang's advice the stone was sent to Amsterdam to be cut by him, and for seven months he labored faithfully to execute a task said to have been the most marvelous exhibition of a lapidary's genius. In the employ of the firm was a Polish young man of great promise as a skilful manipulator of gems, who assisted in the difficult feat of smoothing the facets of the precious stone. Every night when the day's labor was concluded the valuable article was returned to the hands of one of the firm who had it in custody when it was not on the bench. One morning, when it was being placed on the revolving disk and Mr. Vogelsang was in the act of commencing his labors upon it, he fell to the floor in a faint. All was commotion in the workshop, and when brought to consciousness the old diamond-cutter's first words were: "My God, it is crystal." The gem belonging to Russia's Empress, valued at $300,000, given into the custody of the largest diamond firm in the world, had turned into a piece of glass. Investigation proved that the gem at that moment in the possession of the firm was crystal and worth about five guldens, but that the Polish assistant had aided the simon-pure article to leave the moisty atmosphere of the metropolis of the Netherlands. In the "English as she is spoke," by Mr. Vogelsang, "He was stolen entirely." Great was the excitement in the diamond centers of civilization. Telegraphic wires grew hot conveying descriptions of gem and thief into every police office of the Old World. For five days all trace of the Polish exile with his Russian possession was lost, when at eleven o'clock of the sixth night the electric messenger brought Mr. Vogelsang the cheerful intelligence that the compatriot of Kosciusko had been captured in the Jardin Mabille in sinful Paris, and that he had the diamond in his pocket. Mr. Vogalsang says he "bursted with joy," and nobody doubts.—*Amsterdam Cor. Milwaukee Sentinel.*

A Great Gem in London.

It is said that the new diamond from South Africa, which is exciting the wonder and admiration of Londoners, will, when the cutting is finished, be larger than a billiard-ball, or half as large again as the Koh-i-noor. Small chips from it are worth a moderate fortune, the King of Portugal having paid $40,000 for one. The lapidary who is cutting the stone sits in a large shop-window in Holborn, London, with the diamond fixed in a stand before him. That part which is already cut is described as flaming with internal fire, while the uncut portion is rough and dull as rock salt.—*Utica Herald.*

—A singular freak of the wind is visible in a Deadwood, D. T., building. A piece of the roof of a store, about seven feet wide and twelve feet long, was lifted up, carried across the building and deposited some distance off. The hole has every appearance of having been made with a saw and hatchet, and so artistically and clean cut as to give the appearance of having been done by an expert carpenter.

PITH AND POINT.

—"I do not desire wealth for itself," remarked the philosopher. "No," replied the cynic, "I suppose you desire it for yourself."—*The Judge.*

—"Say, do you think it's true that red-headed girls are quick-tempered?" "Um—ah—suppose you ask one of them about it."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—A pair of strong, big lungs will often win a reputation for statesmanship in spite of serious cerebral deficiencies.—*Washington Republican.*

—People who are always in high spirits soon wear out, says a physician. It may be, but people who are always low-spirited wear other people out.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—Whoy!—"Whose pigs are those, my lad?" "Whoy, they belong to that there big sow." "No, I mean who is their master?" "Whoy," again answered the lad, "that little un; he's a rare un to fight!"

—It is professed that persons' characters can be read by the lines in their hands. This is often true, for you can tell a horseman by the lines in his hands and an industrious girl by her clothes-line.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

—A scientific journal tells "How to Preserve Stove-Pipe." We should think preserved stove-pipe would be a hollow mockery. It must require a large amount of sugar and much boiling to make them palatable.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A very old lady on her death bed, in a penitential mood, said: "I have been a great sinner more than eighty years, and didn't know it." An old darkey woman who had lived with her a long time exclaimed: "Laws! I knowed it all the time."—*Chicago Standard.*

—"I see," said Brown, "that they now say that beef tea is worthless as an article of food. But, for all that, it was the only thing that saved my life when I had the fever." Fogg—Yes; but how does that prove that beef tea is not worthless?—*Boston Transcript.*

—Homelike.—Mrs. Gripper—Goodbye. Shall we see you at the Sorosis to-night? Mrs. Whipper—I hardly think so. Mr. Whipper's club has just failed, and until he joins another we are going to improve the opportunity to get acquainted with each other.—*Tid-Bits.*

—A New York musician has been awarded one thousand dollars damages against a railroad company for the loss of his first finger, which prevents his playing difficult pieces on the piano. His neighbors are rejoicing that the company could not restore his finger.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Advice is like castor ile—easy enough to giv, but dredful uneasy tew take. A puppy plaz with every pup he meets, but old dogs have but few associates. If you want tew git at the circumference of a man, examine him among folks; but if you want tew git at his aktual diameter, meazure him at hiz fireside. I don't care how much people talk, if tha will only say it in a pheu words.—*Exchange.*

TOMBS OF ROYALTY.

A Visit to the Burial Vaults of the Capuchin Church at Vienna.

In the vaults of Capuchin Church, Vienna, which are watched by the barefoot monks of the convent close by, lie the remains of deceased Emperors and Archdukes—a motley crowd of metal coffins, large and small, round which burn tall wax candles, throwing their reddish light upon the large wreaths that the imperial family places there the day before All Souls'. In the center, writes a Vienna correspondent, is conspicuous the sarcophagus, with its many silver figures, raised by Joseph II. over the remains of his mother, Maria Theresa. At the foot of the sarcophagus stands an iron coffin, the simplest in the whole vault, wherein lies Joseph himself, and the ribbons of a wreath that, faded long ago, in the dim gold embroidery repeat what he said many times before his death: "I have got so far that I love nothing on earth except my mother and the state." One of the best best places in the vault was reserved by the Emperor's wish for the coffin of Maximilian of Mexico, by the side of which the Emperor often spends many hours. The only inmate of this vault not of royal blood is a certain Mme. Wolf, governess to the children of Maria Theresa, who wished her remains to be placed here, saying: "If the Wolfin was good enough to keep us company during life she shall not be set apart from us after death." On the day before All Souls' two special messengers left Vienna for Bavaria, bearing with them two of the finest wreaths ever formed by human hands. The first wreath, of laurels and roses, was sent by the Emperor with orders that it should be deposited in the vault of St. Michael's church upon the tomb of King Louis of Bavaria. The second was sent to the Starnberg Lake, where in the dusk hours of All Souls' Day the messenger rowed to the spot where the King was found drowned, and dropped the wreath of jasmine and ferns, fastened by a white dove with wings outspread, into the water. This was sent by special order of the Empress.—*Interior.*

—The crusade against gambling, liquor-selling, and other abuses at agricultural fairs is reaching the few States and Territories that have not already been reformed. Efforts are being made in such sections to secure a law authorizing the State Treasurer to pay the State bounty to only those agricultural societies whose officials send in a sworn statement that their fairs have been free from these abuses.—*Chicago Times.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A KING'S DOMINION.

The carpet in the parlor is no better than the floor;
Of the carpet in the library one can say little more;
There's a good one in the dining-room, although it's rather small;
But the carpet in the nursery is nicest of them all.

There's a palace in the middle, circled with a wall of black,
With a moat of yellow water, four brown pathways running back
Through a fearful, frightful forest from the windows to the door,
'Round four lakes of deep dark water with green griffins on the shore.

At the corners there are castles, and in one King Arthur reigns;
In the north one is a giant, and the south is Charlemagne's.
But the castle in the corner by the closet is the best,
And from this I rule my kingdom and reign over all the rest.

But the middle park and palace are a very wondrous place—
Statues, vases, fairies, graces, flowers and bowers through all the space,
'Tis a garden of enchantment, and the dreadful ogress there
Is my sister—You should see her when she rumples up her hair!

Now, it's very, very seldom that I'll play with dolls and girls,
'Cause I used to go in dresses, with my hair like Mary's curls;
But there's first-rate fun in playing, on a rainy indoor day,
That her doll's a captive Princess, to be rescued in a fray.

So with Knights of the Round Table and with Paladins of France,
Charlemagne and I and Arthur through the wicked wood advance;
And we always have such contests, before all these wilds are crossed,
With the giant and the griffins, that half our knights are lost.

But at last we reach the portals, and the lovely Princess see,
Then the ogress, with her magic, captures every one but me;
And transfored to wood and pewter in her dungeons they repine—
But I bear away the Princess, so the victory is mine.

—*Ernest Whitney, in St. Nicholas.*

BUILDING A RAILROAD.

A Story Which Explains Some Things and Leaves Other Things for Young Wits to Find Out.

"Come, boys," said Will to the others, "I'm tired of this humdrum play. Let's get up something new and big."

"Agreed," came from the others; "but what shall it be, Will?"

"A railroad," was the prompt reply.

And they all shouted: "A railroad! hurrah, boys! that's just grand. We'll do it. But who knows how?"

"I do," came from Will. "Father's an engineer, and you see I hear him talk to mother about it every day."

"Your father an engineer!" exclaimed several. "Don't Mike Riley and Tim Sullivan run all the engines?"

And Will answered with a loud "Ha, ha, ha! Run engines! ha, ha, ha!" and his sides shook with laughter. "Compare my father to Mike and Tim! My father builds railroads."

An they all said "Oh!" "But what is the first thing, Will, to build a railroad? A spade and hoe, or what?"

"Money; ten hundred thousand dollars, and just as much more as you can get. Father says you can do any thing with money; but all the money in the world couldn't have saved little sister Rose from dying." At that a large tear came to Will's eye, and the boys all looked at him in silence.

Then he wiped his eyes and went on: "Come, boys, say how much you'll give to the new railroad."

Thereupon Will smoothed off a spot in the sand and wrote his name, and opposite he put, "The right of way and no charge for engineering."

"And what's 'the right of way?'" they asked.

"You can't build roads in the air. You must have ground, and when you get it, you've 'the right of way.' See? I'll get that from father, down in the orchard, along the trout brook."

"Good for you, Will," they all shouted.

"Here, Rob, you sign for the ties; Alec, for the rails, and Jim for the rolling stock; Dan must build the depot. Come up, now, and sign like men of enterprise. Be liberal and prompt, and we'll have the cars running by the first of June, and declare a dividend—of fun at least—every day."

All this speech from Will. And each one wrote his name under Will's saying what he would give or do.

Then came the word of command from our young engineer:

"Now to business. Each one to his home as fast as his legs will carry him, and bring an axe or spade or hoe or some tool. I'll run to father for the charter—what's that? Then let's make the dirt fly."

When I went by a few days after, by the foot of the orchard, sure enough, there they were; coats off, each one busy as a bee, Will acting as engineer.

The grading—what's that?—was nearly all done. Will said they would lay the ties—what are they?—and rails (?) the next Monday, and soon I should hear the whistle.

True to his promise, on the appointed day came the "toot, toot, toot," louder and louder till the hills sent back the sound.

I looked, and there came the train, built of wood "from stem to stern," and drawn by two stout goats, instead of steam, while Jim sat on the engine with a tin horn to his mouth, his cheeks puffed out like two pumpkins.

That's years ago. Will is now Mr. William ——, a first-class railroad man. So are some of the others.—*Pansy.*

Both So Beautiful.

"Tell your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.

"Oh!" replied Tommy, "we haven't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father. You ought to see him!"

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and after he comes back at night. He's a house-painter; but there isn't very much work this winter, so he is doing laboring till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off; and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home, they are both so beautiful!"

Before long, the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was at first glance only a rough, begrimed laborer; but, before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes, the room became a palace and the man a magician.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

A Brisk Blind Man.

A familiar figure in London is that of a blind old man who runs after a dog. The blind man has a placard on his chest, and in other respects he is like the typical blind beggar, but he runs along after his little four-footed guide in a very original fashion. Such guides usually move along at a snail's pace; this little creature either runs or moves at a brisk trot. The result is that the master and dog are enabled to pass swiftly through great crowds. In some of the thoroughfares men with good eye-sight move slowly and with difficulty; but the begger and beggar's dog cut a swath wherever they go. The old man's stick is no sooner heard, hurriedly knock-knock-knocking on the pavement, than the foot-passengers stand aside to avoid a collision.

PARIS AS A SEAPORT.

Plan of the Proposed Ship Canal from Rouen to Saint Denis.

A vigorous effort seems about to be made to convert Paris into a seaport, by means of a ship canal extending from Rouen, the present head of navigation on the Seine, to St. Denis, the manufacturing suburb of Paris. It will be remembered that Paris is already, with perhaps the exception of Buffalo or Chicago, the most important centre of inland navigation in the world, and the Parisians, who see constantly before them the spectable of London, with its forests of ships, forty miles from the sea, have for many years desired to find means for uniting a waterway to the sea, comparable with that which London enjoys, with the network of inland canals which it alone possesses. It is likely to be a long time before an artificial Thames extends from Paris to the channel, but in the meanwhile a good canal will be much better than nothing, and this can, if the French Government grants the concession desired, be built at once at the expense of a private company, which has adopted the plan prepared by M. Bouquet de la Grye, and is ready to construct the canal without cost to the public treasury, asking in return only the right, for ninety-nine years, to collect a toll, not exceeding three francs per ton, on all vessels passing through the canal, to or from Paris, together with the privilege of cultivating or renting the portions of the bed of the river laid dry by its construction.

The canal which the company proposes to build will follow in general the bed of the river from Saint Denis to Rouen, but the channel will be straightened and regulated by artificial banks, and two of the long bends of the river, at Pont de l'Arche and Sartrouville, will be cut off by a straight ditch across the chord of the arc formed by the present channel. There will be three locks, and perhaps a fourth, but the canal will be so wide and deep that vessels can pass through it quickly, and the time occupied in the passage from the sea to Paris will not usually exceed twenty-four hours. The proposed depth is six metres, or about 19½ feet, which will be sufficient for vessels of 2,000 or 2,500 tons, and the width will be 114 feet in the straight parts, and 146 feet at the curves, so that ships can meet and pass at any point. Although twenty-six existing highway bridges will have to be altered over into drawbridges, it is remarkable that no important railway is intercepted by the canal, and by changing slightly the course of the present line from Paris to Havre, it will be possible to avoid interrupting any important railway route.

According to the Commandant Cugnin, who writes an interesting description of the scheme to *La Semaine des Constructeurs*, the cost of constructing the canal will be about $22,000,000, and it can be finished in three years. With the rate of tolls proposed, the cost of carrying merchandise to Paris in the same vessels that have already brought it to Rouen will not exceed ninety-six cents per ton, while the cost of transhipping it to lighters at Rouen and conveying to Paris, under the present system, is about $1.83 per ton. By means of this great saving it is hoped that Paris, as a point of embarkation for goods exported from Switzerland and Eastern France, will be able to compete with Antwerp, which is rapidly securing a large part of the maritime business of the continent.—*American Architect.*